

HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Wednesday, April 2, 1919

Vol. II

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser"

No. 79

Movies at Red Cross House Tonight

Courtesy of Y. M. C. A.



HEADS UP

Published daily, except Monday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

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General Manager.....Corp. Hanson
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

MAIL.

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Plant a seed that comes from a long line of perfect flowers, or prime, luscious fruit, and it will bring returns full of the sweetness of the morning. But, plant your garden with seeds from blighted plants and it will measure them back to you with plants that bear all the ancestral blemish. From coast to coast—from lakes to gulf—from the dog-trail of Alaska to the Florida Keys, all over the world, and since the beginning of Time, this has been Nature's Law.

The law of plants applies to the law of men's lives. Your conduct, while yet in the Army, is the embryo sowing that will bring you a harvest in the future, characteristic of the good or bad qualities of your sowing.

THE UP FAMILY.

In tune with Nature, youth comes on to supplant age. As "Heads" is about to slide to the old cemetery, feet first, another member of the Up family, a lusty infant now, known as "Cheer Up", gives promise of being a great help some day, and maybe President of the United States, later. Who can tell? More directly we remark that "Cheer Up", the new hospital paper at Camp Lee, is a live little sheet, and if its any help to them, their third issue has our third issue beaten "every way from the Jack". Good luck, little brother! As the ancient Romans had it, "We who are about to die, salute thee."

WELL ALONG IN THE TWENTIES.

Number 30 is just around the corner. The bearded old gentleman with the hour glass and the scythe is swishing very close to us now and our Head comes Off because it is Up where the old gentleman can reach it on his 30th swing.

ELSEWHEREERS.

This is the penultimate. The few Officers remaining are messing in the enlisted men's mess. You remember where it is; The wooden barracks just below the falls by the brook's edge. As we have remarked, this is the penultimate, so you may know the ultimate is hard by indeed. Number 30 is indeed on our heels.

WE NEGLECTED TO MENTION

In making records of human achievements, such as world records, etc., that

MOSES HOCHWALD

is the Champion Food Destroyer south of the Mason and Dixon Line.

H. U. carried the above item a few days ago. Take a look, readers, how this CHAMPION comes back at us:

Moral: I'd rather be a life Destroyer than lead a destroyed life.

You've called me a Champion
And a Destroyer,
A Champion Destroyer of Food.

Now I'm neither a Champion,
Nor a Destroyer,
Nor a Champion Destroyer of Food.

But Nature has given me a sense
I guess— of taste,
A sense of taste for bad or good.

And has taught me to destroy
What destroys,
To destroy what destroys or be destroyed.
M. HOCHWALD.

A rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

THE BACK-SCRATCHING CIRCLE.

The firm of Hanson, Dunning, Slattery & Co., are a little short on raw material. Yet the factory output must be maintained. Hence the mutual admiration society in

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which the three leading members of the firm compliment each other in public, i. e., in "Heds Up". Hanson holds the whip hand, hence the oldest, but junior member in the firm, read in yesterday's issue kind and sincere encomiums, that are usually found only in the obituary column. We understand that when the death notice character of this write up was under discussion, cartoonist Dunning said "That's alright, he's been dead a long time."

IN THE APPENDED LETTER.

We can camouflage the bad taste of talking about ourselves by remarking that this letter (printed below) is well written and has news value. Ladies and Gentlemen, Sgt. Zielinski on the long distance phone—

Corporal "Heds Up" Hanson,
Debarkation Hospital No. 52.
My Dear Corporal:—

After leaving Invalid's Paradise, I was transferred to the Surgeon's Office at the Port. I had just opened the door when six bulky packages wrapped in penalty envelopes greeted me, but being a pretty good ducker, pulled a Charlie Chaplin. Results—"Heds Up" strewn all over the Top Kick's floor and six chips of paint lacking over the transom.

Now Hanson, you may be a good fellow and all that and its very nice of you to carry 125 martyrs in your thoughts, but don't let your "Morning Milk" accumulate and come in bunches, for I came near being a patient. Then again, I wasn't far from blowing my pins and if it wasn't for the smile on the Top Kick's Phiz, after his cordial welcome and rain of "Heds Up." I might have been compelled to say "Good morning, Judge," something, I hate to dostare into the solemn faces of a dozen two and one-half simoleon recipients, stuck up in a jury box to pass a verdict.

Well, I might have been damned slow in showing my appreciation for your kindness in sending your issues, but you can rest assured that every one of the 125 martyrs have acquired a copy of the issues you sent me. We have been split up so that 52 is represented in every camp and post in the Port.

I haven't much to say about the place, as one station is very much like the other in this man's army, but if any of you guys happen to be transferred up here, bring some of Richmond's fair sex with you for the only conversation I held with a white woman since I have been here was when I

dropped into a chowroom and asked the waitress for "Ham and," although I consider myself pretty fortunate in having had an opportunity to say that much to a white woman. Believe me, Hanson, they are damned few.

I read in your issue where Shiplett and Dunning are making a hard try to bag a couple of "Broads". They had better do it before they hit this joint.

Say, and talk about your M. P's. and Pie Wagons running around. Why the only chimes you hear in this burg are the clangs of canary cages set up on four wheels, making sixty, loaded with a bunch of gorillas from Monkey Town or a bunch of fellows in khaki with fire in their eyes, chloroformed with black oak.

The boys in this office are sending their compliments to Dunning. They like his cartoons a lot.

There isn't a man in the Port that hasn't got his affidavits in for discharge, but the only discharge they get is when their bellies are heading for the clouds and dreaming of by-gones up in God's Country.

Well Hanson, and you too, Dunning, we all extend our thanks to you for sending us your Back Copies and want you to keep up the good work for we are all interested in knowing what's what at 52 and at the same time remember us to the boys and hope to see them soon—Misery likes company.

Best wishes for your early transfer to this Port, not that I've got anything against you, but what's good for the goose is good for the gander, and hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Yours till I hit New York and Cits,

Sgt. 1st Class LEO A. ZIELINSKI.
Surgeon's Office, Administration Building,
Newport News, Virginia.

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Y. M. C. A.

The F. G. S. Trio of Washington, D. C., will give a concert in the Red Cross building on Thursday of this week, under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. This popular concert party has been entertaining the men at Camp Lee for the past week and have consented to stop over in Richmond on their way back to Washington so as to give an evening's entertainment for the boys of this Post. The party is composed of Betty Farrington, soprano and monologues; Emily Guild, violin, and Margaret Steele, violin. This is an entertainment party of exceptional merit and we hope that every man who is not on duty on Thursday night will

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take advantage of the opportunity of hearing these people.

—o—

Y. M. C. A. movie tonight (Wednesday)—Cannibals of the South Seas, starring Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnston.

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Another big entertainment on Friday night, with the McGuire's School Jazz Orchestra and Mr. Guy Corbett. Mr. Corbett is Richmond's star singing comedian, who has appeared here on former occasions.

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ALONG OTHER LINES.

Are you making the best of your opportunities while in the Army? The very best books and magazines are at your disposal. If you don't find the book you want in our library ask for it, we can get it for you.

—o—

The Y. M. C. A. still offers free tuition and free books at its night school. You can enter at any time. It is worth while if only for a few days.

—o—

Get your postage stamps and post cards and express money orders at the Y. M. C. A.

—o—

When did you write home? You will find paper, envelopes, pens and ink at the Y. M. C. A. recreation room.

—o—

Have you a pocket testament? Get one at the Y. M. C. A.

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It is a very hard undertaking to please everybody.

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OPENINGS FOR MALE NURSES AND ATTENDANTS.

Positions are available for nurses who are qualified by special training and experience in the nursing of nervous and mental diseases.

Experienced attendants who are not graduates are also employed.

The salary for nurses is \$50.00 a month, and for experienced attendants \$40.00, with full maintenance and opportunity for advancement.

The hospital also conducts a School of Nursing for men as well as women. The school is registered and two and three years courses are given, the latter in affiliation

with a general hospital. Liberal arrangements are made during training.

Training in the care of the physically and mentally sick opens the way to a promising field of work for young men of good personality and fair education.

In writing, state full particulars as to training and experience, and give two references.

For further information, circulars, and application forms address Dr. William L. Russell, Medical Superintendent, Bloomingdale Hospital, White Plain, New York.

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Prosperity makes friends, adversity tries them.

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WITH OUR REPORTER.

A soldier on leaving France for the U. S. A., sent a telegram ahead that he was debarked, deloused and delighted.

—o—

Things to be remembered: Cpl. Nick Stauffer's walking stick, Sgt. Robinson's daily trips to Richmond, little Willie's dancing, and the Cider Keg hold-up.

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Sgt. Phipps says, "that business is dull in the pharmacy line, just a few double Cs.."

—o—

Sgt. Hennessy has a bunch of picture groups that he would be glad to show his friends. It is the picture of his soldier and civilian friends.

—o—

Two summers ago a girl could pack all that she wore in a violin case. And they tell us that this summer she will be able to pack her wardrobe into a clarinet case.

—o—

"Ceasar Firmly" Dunning chirps that: A man may have sense enough to select a good canteloupe, a good automobile and a good egg. But that won't keep him from falling down when he comes to select a good wife.

—o—

Cpl. Bixler away on pass.

—o—

Champagne is Sham Pain in the evening, but REAL PAIN in the morning. "Lemon" and "Cascade" are sure Wonder Workers(?) Shank was seen dipping in the lake yesterday morning, making frantic efforts to shake the hangover from the night before.

SEE YOU TOMORROW.